

# THE REPUBLICAN.

Devoted to Literature, News of the Day, Agriculture, and Important Local Intelligence, Etc.  
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VOLUME VII

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## "DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

In the youth of the heart, are the glorious rays that were born of life's morning had faded away; while the light lingers yet in the eyes that are dead, and the voice that is still in the throat, and the stars are still bright.

And the winds and the waves bring us music by night; while the warm blood leaps up when the forests resound with the tread of the horse and the lay of the hound—Oh! ever and always, as long as we may, "As we journey through life, let us live by the way."

Let me live! In the power to enjoy that is given, the earnest on earth of the glory of heaven, the strength for each day, and a hope for each tomorrow; With smiles for the future, though tears for the past, And joy in the hours that steal from us so fast, For the friends whose brave spirits have gathered around us, For the love whose bright blossoms are still in our hands, Though clouds and thro' empires encompass the day, "As we journey through life, let us live by the way."

When the world has grown old, and the night stars are in the sky, and the sun has set in the west, save that brightest of all which is guiding us ever to the beautiful country beyond the dark river. When we pause at the end, and look thoughtfully back through the changes and the chances of the long, weary track, it will cheer the old heart to be able to say, "As we journeyed through life, we have lived by the way."

## THE CURFEW HEROINE.

It lacked but half an hour of Curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the walled roof of his cottage stoop, and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his old arm was as muscular as ever; and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy, metal-thro' of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tilled out his notes of mourning for Queen Bess; and with tears scarcely dry he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James; Charles the First had been crowned, reigned and expiated his weakness before all England in Jasper's time; and now he, who under his army held all the commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than monarch, and still the old man, with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin and sorrow.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled sky. The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and re-crossed by the annals of the years that had gone before, that there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little recked he that Cromwell's spearsmen were camped on the moor beyond the village—that Cromwell himself rode with his guardmen a league away; he only knew that the bell that had been rung in the tower when William the Conqueror made curfew a law, had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm for sixty years had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with slow step toward the gate, when a woman came hurrying from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble with all of its roundness and dimples. Her great solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips were forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass, I am deaf, and cannot hear your clatter." The voice raised, and the hands clasped, and wrung themselves together, palms and palms. "For Heaven's sake, good Jasper, do not ring curfew to night."

"What a ring curfew! Ye must be daft, lassie." "Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake, for my sake, for one night in all your long life forget to ring the bell! Fail this once and my life shall live, whom Cromwell says shall die on the gallows. Do you hear?—my lover, Richard Temple, see, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewels that the Lady Maud gave me; and the gold shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would ye bribe me, Lily De Vere? Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets in ye're veins as your mother had. What! corrupt me, bell-ringer under her majesty, good Queen Bess! Not for all the gold that Lady Maud could bring me! What is your lover to me? Babes have been born and strong men have died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa' awa'!"

And out on the village green, with the soldiers of the Roundheads lengthening over it, a strong man waited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood, handsome, and brave, and tall—taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days when the sword that the great Cromwell wielded was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late lord up at the castle; and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo, and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without the asking; while the gentle Lily De Vere, distant kinswoman, and poor companion to her, had, without seeking, found the treasures of his true love, and held them fast. Then he had joined the army, and made one of the pious soldiers whose evil passions were never stirred but by sign or symbol of popery. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conquered him. To-night he was to die!

The beautiful world lay as a vivid picture before him. The dark green wood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt; the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers; the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it; the green, straight walks of the village; the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But, ah! more vividly than all, he saw the great red sun with its busy veil lingering above the trees, as though it pitied him with more than human pity!

He was a God-fearing, and God-loving man. He had long made his peace with heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to de-

stroy him, but the sweet face of Lily De Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for his life. She had weaved heaven with her prayers, but all without avail. Slowly now the great sun went down. Slowly the last red rim was hid behind the greenwood. Thirty seconds more and his soul would be with his God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings of hair lay upon a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life that he should cling to it? He always felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death-knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers with his clear gray eyes upon them, he waited. The crimson banners in the west were paling to pink. The king had ceased their lowering, and had been gathered into the brick-yards.

All nature had sounded her curfew; but old Jasper was silent. With his forehead with his gray head yet bared had traversed half the distance that lay between his cottage and the ivy covered tower, when a form went fitting past him, with pale, shadowy robes floating around it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah, Huldah, Huldah!" the old man muttered; "how swift she dies! I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done." Huldah was the good wife who had gone from him in her early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeting form was not Huldah's. It was Lily De Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the old cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragons come this way. Once more I will kneel at his feet and plead." She entered the ruined arch. She reached from his fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps; her heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the black carvings. As she went up she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its groined roof, its chevrons and clustered columns; its pictured saint and carved image of the Virgin, the pillars of ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless vandal of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow tints thrown by the stained glass across her death-white brow; up—still up—past open arcade and arch, with griffin and gargoyle staring at her from under bracket and cornice, with all the hideousness of medieval carving; the stairs, flight by flight, growing fainter beneath her young feet; now but a slender web-work between her and the outer world; but still up.

Her breath was coming short and grasping. She saw, through an open space, old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The seconds were treasures which Cromwell, with all his blood-bought commonwealth, could not purchase from him. Up—ah—there, just above her, with its great hazy and wicked tongue, the bell hung!

A worn-out clock for a step, and one small white hand had clasped itself above the clapper—the other prepared, at the tremble, to rise and clasp its mate, and the feet to swing off; and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow—but he was sure, and it came at last. A faint quiver, and the young feet leaped from their rest, and the tender hands clasped for more than their precious life, the wretched thing. There was groaning and creaking of the rude pulleys above, and then the strokes came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not forgot its cunning, nor his arm its strength. The tender, soft form was swun'g and dashed to and fro. But she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel thing. Let her stroke come, and a thousand might follow—for its fatal work would be done. She breathed her white arms out, so that at every pull of the great ropes it crushed into the flesh. It tore her, and wounded and bruised—but there in the solemn twilight the brave woman swung, and fought with the curfew; and God gave her victory!

The old bell-ringer said to himself: "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The old man, my ear too, have failed me at last. I dinnar hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell, it is my ears that have gone false, and not thou, Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went fitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments; and the face was like the face of one who had died in her sleep, and the hands hung wounded and powerless at her side.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled may-pole before the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king and beautiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye; but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a girl came flying toward him. Pikeman and archer stepped aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover; with trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived—why the curfew had never sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out of her lattice window at the castle, saw the great Protector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms, and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release the prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance; then she welcomed the night that shut the scene out from her envious eye and sepiated her in its gloom.

At the next matin bell old Jasper died, and at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with him always.

A sealed bottle was lately picked from the beach of Lake Michigan, and the note inside read: "Annals Jones is dead." Not a single earthquake has followed the discovery.

## NEGRO LILIPUTIANS.

Hayard Taylor's Description of the Pigmies of Nam, Equatorial Africa—Warlike Little Men.

Cairo Letter to the N. Y. Tribune.

The Khedive spoke of a race of pigmies which had been discovered in the very heart of Central Africa, beyond the land of the Nyam-Nyams, and advised us to look at two natives of the tribe which had recently reached Cairo. On leaving the palace of Aberdeen, therefore, we drove immediately to the palace of the Nile, near Boniat, where they are now kept. On making inquiry the soldiers in the inner court immediately pointed out two small boys (apparently), wearing the fez, and dressed in jackets and trousers of white wool. I should have taken them for children of some Ethiopian tribe at the first glance, and was not satisfied, until after a close inspection, that one of them was a full-grown man.

Dr. Schweinfurth saw some natives of the tribe among the Nyam-Nyams; but did not reach their country, which lies beyond that of the latter, and therefore south of the equator—probably from 300 to 500 miles west of the central part of Albert Nyanza. But after Schweinfurth's return, the veteran Italian traveler Miani, whose name, carved upon a tree near Fatiko, will be remembered by all readers of Speke's and Baker's narratives, started on a new journey of exploration from which he was destined never to return. On the 6th of November last, some boats reached Khartoum with the journals and collections of Miani, who died in a country called Mionbooto. These were taken by the governor of Khartoum, and three pigmies, who were supposed to be slaves, were temporarily imprisoned. When the intelligence reached Cairo, the Khedive ordered Miani's papers and collections to be given to the Italian consul and the pigmies to be sent to him. One of them, a woman, died on the way; the other two reached here a few weeks ago. They were the first of their race which had ever been seen outside of central Africa. The Khedive, who gave me these particulars, seemed much interested in the people, and probably intends to use them, if they survive, as a medium of future intercourse with their tribe.

The soldiers brought the pigmies forward for our inspection. They came half willingly, half with an air of defiance, or of protest against the superior strength which surrounded them. A tall Dinka, from the White Nile, blacker than charcoal, who accompanied them, was one of Miani's men. He spoke a little Arabic, and I was thus able to get a little additional information through him. He assured me that the pigmies were called Nam; that their country was a journey of a year and a half from Khartoum (probably the time occupied by a trading expedition in going thither and returning); that the place from which they came had the name of Takkatkat. The taller of the two pigmies, Tubbul by name, was twenty years old; the younger, Karal, only ten or twelve.

The little fellows looked at me with bright, questioning, steady eyes, while I examined and measured them. Tubbul was 46 inches in height, the legs being 22 inches, and the body with the head 24, which is a somewhat better proportion than is usual in savage tribes. Head and arms were quite symmetrical, but the spine curved in remarkably from the shoulders to the hip-joint, throwing out the abdomen, which was already much distended, probably from their diet of beans and bananas. Yet the head was erect, the shoulders on a line of gravity, and there was no stoop in the posture of the body, as in the South African bushmen. Tubbul measured 36 inches around the breast 28 around the abdomen; his hands and feet were coarsely formed, but not large, only the knee-joints being disproportionately thick and clumsy. The facial angle was fully up to the average; there was a good development of brain, fine intelligent eyes, and a nose so flattened that, in looking down the forehead from above, one saw only the lips projecting beyond it. The nostrils were astonishingly wide and square; the complexion was that of a dark mulatto.

The boy Karal was 43 inches high, with a head 21 inches, and the body with both hair woolly, cut short in front, but covering the crown with a circular cap of crisp little rolls. Tubbul's age, showed itself on nearer examination, in his hands, feet and joints, as well as his face. He had no beard, but was evidently of virile years. I lifted him from the ground, and should not estimate his weight at more than 65 pounds. The soldiers stated that neither of the two had learned more than a few words of Arabic, but that they talked a great deal to each other in their own language. However, when ordered to speak Tubbul turned and walked away. A soldier seized and drew him back, whereupon he stood still and sullen in his former place. At a recent meeting of the Egyptian Institute it was stated that the language of these pigmies has no resemblance to that of any other in Central Africa.

The country of Nam, or Takkatkat, or whatever may be its correct name, is reported to be an equatorial table-land covered with low, dense thickets, in which the pigmies hide. The Khedive told me that they are quite warlike, and by no means despicable foes to their larger negro neighbors, since they are active as apes and difficult to find among their native jungles. Dr. Schweinfurth supposes them to be the pigmies mentioned by Herodotus. The Darwins will hardly find an intermediate race between man and monkey in them. Their curious physical peculiarities, especially the curvature of the spine, the wide mouth with flat but distinctly marked lips, the squareness and breadth of the nostrils are not of a simian character. In fact, they look less like the chimpanzees than several of the tall and athletic negro tribes.

When I was on the White Nile, in 1852, the Nyam-Nyams were spoken of as the people of a frightful race of cannibals, with this. No one had ever seen them; the very name was a terror to the natives of Soudan and an obstacle to the traveler. Now their country has been reached and partially explored, and specimens of the race have ventured even as far as Khartoum. The

pigmies prove to be far more interesting than they seem from an ethnological point of view, and we shall certainly soon learn more of them. I am not aware that any account of the race has yet been published in Europe or America.

## The Tricks of Three Arkansas Travelers.

There is a mystical importance about the number three. "Two are company," says an old proverb, "and three make a crowd." The three tailors of Tooley street were sufficiently multitudinous to represent the people of England. "There were three sailors of Bristol City," Thackeray says, "what a vessel and went to sea." The three wise men of Gotham are familiar myths. Perhaps it was this numerical importance of the number three which placed a handsome man in the hands of three wise men of Arkansas, who stole a county. They lived at Baxter Springs. In their day and generation they were wise men, for they took a covered wagon and "went west." In the broad and beautiful valley of the sparkling Arkansas they halted their jaded team and cast lots for office, a proceeding which stamped them true Americans, and fit representatives of the great and growing west. The offices they chose were county offices, and to support their claims a county was needed. So they roamed round with their wagon and called the spot Barbour county. There was in this romantic county then a prodigy—too many offices for the number of candidates. It required only a change of names, and the three wise men from the east named half-a-dozen additional names—each name an office, and each office a sinecure. In this earthly paradise there was no party strike to mar the harmony of an election, and no money was needed to secure votes. And so it turned out on the following day that Barbour county was represented in the Arkansas legislature by one-third of its population, the Hon. W. H. Horner. Armed with his credentials, this man-of-war, chosen representative of the serene valley of the Arkansas found his way to the capitol. While other more pretensions persons were squabbling, he drew up his little bill. It was a moderate request. It merely asked authority to issue bonds, build bridges, and otherwise improve Barbour county. Of course it was passed, for the session was nearly at an end. The bonds were issued. The member from Barbour negotiated them. They sold well. The county officers of Barbour received their compensation; the populace of Barbour came in for their share; not a man in the county but was benefited. And then the covered wagon moved on, leaving the broad and beautiful valley of the Arkansas far behind. The earthly paradise is still there, but Barbour county exists only on beautifully engraved pictures, for which the present owners paid unusually large sums of money in other paper. And now these patrons of art are looking for the Hon. W. H. Horner.

## The Good-By Hospitality.

The half of hospitality lies in the speeding of parting guests. Lavish well comes are easily enough bestowed, but the hospitable thought must be very genuine, indeed, which dares to leave the guest as free and welcome to go as to come. We all suffer, now and then, from undue urging to stay when we prefer to go, and nearly every one of us is himself a sinner in this regard, too. No sooner does the guest intimate a wish to terminate his visit than we fly in the face of his desire, and urge him to stay longer. We sometimes do this, (do we not?) as a mere matter of duty, when in our hearts we care very little whether the guest goes or stays. We feel ourselves bound to show our appreciation of our friend's visit by asking that he prolong it. Now, true hospitality ought to learn its lesson better than this. Our efforts should be, from first to last, to make our friend's visit thoroughly pleasant and agreeable to him. We strive for this result in welcoming him. It is the desire to do the whole which prompts us to offer him the most comfortable chair and to set out our best viands, if he break bread with us. It is that he may enjoy his stay that we talk only upon agreeable topics. In short, from the time he crosses our threshold until he rises to leave, we courteously endeavor to make the moments slip by as pleasantly possible. But the moment he asks for his hat our courtesy fails us. Hitherto we have studied to anticipate and to gratify his every wish. Now that he wishes to go, however, we endeavor to thwart his pleasure. We selfishly try to turn him from his purpose to ours. We wish him to stay, while he wishes to go. Courtesy would prompt us to give his wish precedence to our own, but, as a rule, we ask him to sacrifice his own to our pleasure.

## Electric Butter.

The Washington Chronicle gives an account of the exhibition of the wonderful power of a "lightning churn," at the residence of the commissioner of patents, when a large company of ladies and gentlemen were present to witness a pint of milk converted into a pound of butter in less than one minute. It is the general opinion that the butter is made "to come," in this singular manner, by a galvanic current produced by warm water, salt and saltpetre placed within an outer metallic cylinder which incloses the one in which the milk is placed. The inventor says the peculiar composition and preparation of the metal used in the several cylinders of the churn are secrets which will not be made public. It is claimed that practically working, five pounds of butter can be made out of a gallon of milk; yet as high as seven pounds and three-quarters have been made out of one gallon of pure milk, fresh from the cow. Some objection has been urged against calling the product so obtained butter. It appears to be the result of granulation of all the nutritious articles of the milk in a mass, resembling, in all respects, ordinary butter, from which it cannot be distinguished. It can be manufactured at a cost of about five cents a pound.

Compulsory education is what the New York legislature provides for the children of that state.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

"A splendid ear but a very poor voice," as the organ-grinder said of the donkey.

Nothing will produce more powerful convictions in a man of poetic temperament than a damp shirt.

The last grand gift enterprise in Nevada is for the purpose of obtaining funds for a lunatic asylum. Appropriate.

A lady lecturer believes that women ought to retain their own names when they get married. She has retained hers thus far.

There are 700 fashionable styles of calling cards, but Blinks says he prefers to "call" on four aces and let the other 696 go.

An observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminar and a sugar-house, as both refine what is already sweet.

Ocean avenue, at Long Branch, is being plowed up and graded. It will be devoted to the cultivation of "small potatoes" during the summer.

A young lady who was recommended to bathe her head in salt water, to prevent her hair falling out, is afraid she has got herself into a pickle.

An Iowa boy was lately overheard addressing his paternal in this filial style: "You jus' lemme love, yew ole cuss, or I'll climb yew, I will."

A Wisconsin woman, who recently buried her eighth husband, has just received an offer of \$500 to move into some other state, and is standing out for \$1,000.

Nellie Grant's intended husband says "wath" for "was," and parts his hair in the middle, but it has been settled that he is not a roaming barber, and she is happy.

A London advertisement runs thus: "A country priest will say mass once a week for any one who will regularly send him the Times newspaper, second hand, on the day of its publication."

Dr. Cuyler wants all the young ladies to band together and say, "No lips shall touch my lips that have touched a bottle." Rather rough this on the fellows that were brought up by hand.

It's easy enough for a man to say he won't never swear again as long as he lives, but let him attempt to draw up a bucket of water with a windlass and have the pin slip out, and then—!

The Publishers Board of Trade at New York have agreed to withdraw traveling agents for two years. Now, if the sewing machine companies would only do likewise, we might have a rest.

A lady in Kalamazoo, Michigan, has the photographs of her three departed lords in a group, with a vignette of herself in the center, and underneath is the inscription, "The Lord will provide."

A Georgia negro who bet ten dollars that Gen. Washington commanded the federals at Bull Run handed the money over, with the remark: "Well, dis yere hist'ry business is all mixed up, anyway!"

Whenever the average lecturer lacks a subject on which to pile up agony, he generally resorts to the Pyramids and gives them a fresh rubbing down. They are as inexhaustible as they are imperishable.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear."

Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

A Florida correspondent says that although many persons suffering from consumption in other states have gone there and been restored to health, there are old established Florida families fast dying of the same disease.

The quickest way we know of to make a man believe that there's nothing in the world worth living for is to excite him into chasing a cat across a yard where two or three clothes-lines are innocently swaying in the evening breeze.

Respect old age. If you have a maiden aunt forty years old, and she is passing herself off for a girl of twenty-three, there is no need for you to expose her. The more you respect her age and keep quiet about it, the more she will respect you.

Paul Hayne recently visited the grave of Edgar Allan Poe, in the Presbyterian church-yard in Baltimore, and drew a sad picture of its desolation. The burial ground is quite unenclosed, and the grave is only marked by a wooden foot-board.

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you want to move fast.

"I would marry you, Jacob," said a lady to an importunate lover, "were it not for three reasons." "Oh, tell me," he said impudently, "what they are, that I may remove them?" "The first is," said she, "I don't love you; the second is, I don't want to love you; and the third is, I couldn't love you if I wanted to!"

A Chicago editor who is in favor of Mr. Bigelow's plan of celebrating the Centennial, though he had wound up his article, "Give us fire-crackers, or give us death," but he discovered his mistake in the morning when he read, "Give us four crackers, or grieve our death." The compositor thought the poor man was hungry.

Wife and husband. Scene home. Husband reading a book, and lost in it. Wife on other side of table rustling uneasily—nobody to talk to. Finally the explosion: Wife—"I wish I were a book!" Husband of the tyrant: "So do I. I wish you was an almanac, so I could change you every year." Falling curtain—coming bromstick.

A remarkable rose bush adorns the cottage of S. A. Randall, of Santa Rosa, California. It was planted in 1858, and is of the Lamarque variety. Imagine a bouquet of white roses twenty-five high, twenty-two feet across, beautifully rounded, with a blossoming surface of four hundred square feet, with four thousand full blown roses and twenty thousand buds!

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